



Soulscape



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Chapter 1 by Gabriel Meyer

Another one has fallen ill. Twenty times in the past day has someone fallen ill to this fatal disease. At least, that's what everyone thinks it is. A disease. A plague. An illness. But no illness is capable of causing the damage that this is doing. Everyone who "falls ill" is suddenly thrust into total paralysis. But I know what is going on. This is more than a disease. One thing is common with all those who fall to this tragedy.

One special kind of person is always present. He always has a strange, red mist surrounding his body. When I point it out to others, they just walk away slowly. Some people might say that I am having visions because I am insane. But I say that I am going insane because I am having these visions.

I have been to the train station many times, mostly because I want to escape from that vision. But every time I try to leave, I know that I must stay. And this time, I saw him. Everyone he touched suddenly froze. I could see a blue mist leave the bodies of the victims and go into the body of the man. He was approaching me. He was heading straight for me. I could see the mist around him form into a pair of blood red wings. Something must be done about this man, but how do you stop a man who kills everyone he touches, and how do you get help when everyone thinks that you are insane.

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